Mingled Sweets and Bitters
or
My Legacy

Julia Wolff Molina

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Mingled Sweets and Bitters: or My Legacy.

José.

To gaze into those eyes
Were to behold
Heroic Truth and heart of Love
Beneath their depths.

Mingled Sweets and Bitters

OR

MY LEGACY

BY

JULIA WOLFF MOLINA

Author of "Crowns and Tomb-Roses," "As Judith to Holofernes," etc., etc.

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To the Memory of

David P. Wolff,

My Brother,

The Faithful and Dear Companion of My Youth,

and to the

Noble and True Who Suffer in this World,

This Volume is

Earnestly Dedicated

by

The Author.

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Good Mornins.

Good Mornings.

GOOD-MORNING to thee—bright, enchanted flower!
Hath the sun 'wakened as thy petals ope'd?
Hath morning light burst forth from out thy bower?
Or Grace—com'st thou with treason interloped?
Speak thou in truth—blest jewel—for the light
That streameth from some fairy's finger-tips,
Disclaims the honeyed dew of yesternight
That clings with envy to thy rose-red lips.

Yet be it still
Good-morning, sweet.
Love in thine eyes
All doubt defies.

May the fond angels never fail thee,
And Joy, forevermore regale thee
Sweet, good-morning.

Spring.

Spring.

WHEN Earth discards her frock of white
and lifts her rosy face,
To the warm sun-god's ardent kiss, and woos his
fond embrace;
When Nature mild—sweet as a child—
With breath perfumed—and undefiled—
Coos softly—Earth arrayed as Queen
Stands foremost in her season's green—
Bejeweled and bedecked with flowers,
All glorious are life's blessed hours!

Comes dew, comes mirth, comes crystal showers,
And heaven smiles through vine-clad bowers.

On mountain height—o'er pleasant vale,
The brilliant moon soon 'gins to pale,
And birds with swelling notes arise
To chant their rapture to the skies.

When tender lips—with mystic sigh
Meet—sweetly understood;
Oh, Love, breathe free and fructify
The yearning, hopeful wood.

Summer.

Summer.

FAIR season of magnolias, the pride of all the year,
Breathing music from her brooklets to her bees,
With her zephyrs mild and redolent with perfume of sweet cheer,
And her fire-flies that dance upon her leas.

Her crickets and her singing-birds, her echoes and her caves,
Her green swards, and her forests that allure.
Her perfect skies, her passive seas, her warm, inviting waves,
And her night that whispers like an ardent wooer.

Her trees that stretch their arms to shade the
stroller on his way
As they bend with off'rings luscious and divine.
Oh, Helios, the mighty—and Aurora claim her
day,
Blessing man with sunshine, flowers and
springs of wine.

Autumn.

Autumn.

LIKE sheerest veil, a mist of gray
Is creeping toward the sun.
He tries to force it back a way
But Nature's nymph wields power and sway
And means to have her little say.
Now Change her field has won.
Sweet Summer's day is done,
And Autumn's work begun.
Her chill breath sweeps the seas,
The trembling birdlet flees.
Droop the still blooming trees,
Their leaves wilt one by one.

But drooping, sighing, flutt'ring, dying—
Still the imperious host defying—
Pity touches—beautifying—
Ere her course is run.

And while Death verges—Beauty urges,
Wailing winds to chant soft dirges.

Nut-browned fruits replace the rose,
Chestnuts in their burs repose.
Nature grace and bounty shows,
Plain in all her ways;
Wields her sceptre firm and bold,
Changes silver into gold—
When her mysteries all are told,
Heaven will ring with praise.

Winter.

Winter.

RING the bells cheerily, Winter is here,
With blast and trumpet, the hale charioteer
Scatters white sun-beams and blows up the dust
And makes people hustle for fear they will rust.
For he comes with his rough winds, and pants in your face,
Till the sting makes you wince, and you quicken your pace,
Yet you welcome the grizzly guest for all he brings—
A thousand and fifty acceptable things.

Bright eyes—lungs inflated—a general trim mood.
Good-nature and glow—a swift current of blood—
Though ears may be tingling and bells may be jingling, gay creatures are mingling,
And grant he is good.

The roses he buried—he plants on your cheeks,
And he gladdens your heart with his frolicsome
freaks.
With his carnivals, fêtes, and his sleigh-horses
prancing,
And merry feet o'er the ice-sheeted ponds
glancing,
What is his delight—on a crisp moon-lit night,
Earth clad in her slumber-robe, sparkling and
light,—
To see youths politely 'tend maids fair and
sprightly, and Age sigh contritely,—
That life is so bright.

Snow.

Snow.

DAINTY flecks—
Fluttering specks—
Timid, feathery flakes of snow.
Whence come you?
Tell me true,
And whither would ye go?

"We come from an old, morbid, white-haired elf,
Who chaffs and quaffs, and growls on his shelf.
His heart is an iceberg; when he faces South
And blows out his breath we escape from his mouth.
Pitying mortals who freeze and frill,
We fold Earth in ermine, to ward off the chill.
We love to list to the children's glee,
To jingling sleigh-bells, and the merry jubilee,

To the clatter and the chatter of the frivolous and wild,
And to kiss the crimson lips and cheeks of ev'ry passing child.
There may be much to laud indeed, in swimming pool and mud,
But old Frost's bracing breeze, in truth's the best tonic for the blood.
We love to see you bustle, and to exercise your limbs;
To see you ply the shovel for the plough, and feed your whims;
Reveal the maid's good humor; the prude to bruise and flay,
To brighten eyes, to ostracise the old phlegmatic jay.
We are merry, we are innocent, we please, and melt away,
And when at last we quit you, you cry, 'Welcome, Welcome May.' "

That is hard for us to say.
We dainty flecks,
We fluttering specks,

Or My Legacy.

We timid, feathery flakes of snow,
But we tell you true,
Indeed, we do,
And sigh before we go.

Don't we? and bathe your feet in tears, you know,
But for those tears—you blame us so, oh, oh.

Dawn.

Dawn.

JUST a little silver streak
'Lights upon the mountain peak,
And the walls of heaven creak
To make room for Dawn.
White wings beat the darkened door,
Snowy garments sweep heaven's floor,
Charmed voices sound before.
Voices without words.
In the firmament a break,
Earth is stirring in its wake,
Night's cold wings with anger shake
Mocked at by the birds.
See—she lights the woods and eaves,
Plies her wand across the seas,
Flirts, caresses with the breeze,
Love and cheer are born!
Humming bees and flowers revive,
Busy mortals rush and strive,
All rejoice—the world's alive—
Hail the gladsome morn!

Sunset.

Sunset.

THE day was long and fair—as fair could be.
Beams scattered right and left—o'er woodland, brook and lea.
Blue skies that laughed with love, to make all earth serene.
But look now to the West and sigh—yea, sigh upon the scene.

The bold sun hard in battle with the fierce and scowling Night,
Is bathed in his own rich blood—aye, 'tis a triumphant sight!
Now crimsoned, purpled, suff'ring—see, he holds on grim and fast,
Till smothered in the monster's shroud, the brave succumbs at last.

Sincerity.

Sincerity.

THERE'S nothing more sweet than the fresh breeze of morn
That breaks through the veiled realms of Night,
And scatters Night's shadows! just so is borne
Sincerity—on wings of light.

She comes with a gusto—refreshing, divine.
No blemish upon her fair face.
Courage, Justice and Love cry in chorus—
"She's mine!"
And the sun-god extols her true grace.

The coward and harlot, despised and debased,
Like shadows of Night, slink away;
But Sincerity stands on her pedestal, chaste,
A beauty—still fairer than Day.

Горе.

Hope.

THERE is a voice that sings to me
In the dead hours of Night,
When through the thick veil I can see
No trace nor hope of light.

It sings of Day, it breathes of Love,
It whispers sweet and low
Of castles in the realm above,
For those who Patience know.

I've learned to love that voice so dear,
'Tis of my life a part.
It lends enchantment to mine ear
When Sorrow claims my heart.

I've learned to know, in grief and pain,
That comfort still is nigh.
The song-bird finds his wing again,
When pitying angels sigh.

Skepticism.

Skepticism.

LORD, when the sun of glory beams
Upon one's waking eyes,
How sad it seems to wrest with dreams
Rift with dark clouds and sighs.

And when the voice of Pleasure cries,
Ecstatic to the breast,
Why nurse the care that breeds despair
And robs the soul of rest?

And yet, oh, yet, while ills smite hard,
How can the mind deny,
The brightest joy—is a decoy—
And Hope is but a spy.

Despair.

Despair.

WHEN life is gray, no more of May,
And youth and hope have gone astray.
When the wild woodland groves are dull,
And the poor heart with sorrow full,
When luscious wines yield bitt'rish taste,
The soul's ambitions—laid to waste.
All dreams of bliss, a farce at best;
The heavenly realm, a thing of jest.
When Death would be the glad retreat,
The grave, a cushion for the feet,
Why then not wield the weapon high,
And spare the soul another sigh?
Why then not soothe the wearied breast,
And court oblivion, realm of rest?
Why then not oil the troubled sea,
And chance the vague Eternity?

To the Star of Beauty.

To the Star of Beauty.

BEAM on me fondly, Venus of power,
Proudly I watch thee, in thy lofty bower.
Bright in the heavens shines thy beacon, free;
Lights my lone heart with love, entrances me.

Would I could reach thee, far from this mad world;
Would I could grasp thy banner gay, unfurled.
Would thou didst clasp me to thy burning breast.
There, beauteous goddess, THERE I fain would rest.

Inez.

Inez.

GENTLE Inez, bud of pride,
Who would ask a sweeter bride?
Mood and frown, and fancy, free,
I'd have her for aye with me.

Pretty Inez, soul of grace,
With her frank and winsome face,
Pious mien and look of love,
Saints might envy from above.

Dainty Inez, gem of truth,
Priceless pearl of modest youth,
Is the jewel of my eye,
And I'll own her, bye and bye.

The Echo of Life.

The Echo of Life.

HARK! a voice cries loud and clear,
"Live right—live right—trust and fear."
Joy in laughter may appear,
Death is near, is near."

Teach your babeling to obey
Lest from virtue she may stray.
Lift your comrade by the way.
Crown a day, a day.

Sad, the child you barely wean
Lisps, while eyes yet wond'ring beam,
"What, oh, what can mother mean?
Life's a dream, a dream."

While illusions fill her breast,
Craven Sorrow builds her nest,
Till the sore heart sighs oppressed,
Life's no jest, no jest.

Thus we live and thus we thrive,
Thus we battle, thus we strive,
Fools to race and fools to drive,
And contrive, contrive.

Soon the bird will cease to fly,
Time will hush the bosom's sigh,
And a cold hand seal the eye.
All must die, must die.

Time and the Tide.

Time and the Tide.

GONE are the days, those careless days,
When life vied with the sun's bright rays;
When Care was treated as a toy—
Scarce more concerned about than Joy.

When like the birds with songful mirth
We skimmed the surface of the earth,
And laughed at Love, received Love's smiles,
And tantalized with winsome wiles.

Changed are the days, those careless days;
Life's trials becloud the sun's bright rays.
Love is revenged, and endless beat
The tramp of Care, beside our feet.

Honor's Choice.

Honor's Choice.

GIVE to me a simple maiden,
With a pure and noble heart;
Not a fashion-plate, all laden
With the goldsmith's mystic art.
One who wears her radiant beauty
Like a queen, in modest grace;
Understands life's earnest duty,
Yields; nor strives to win each race.

One whose face, like clearest water,
Would refreshen in a draught.
Give me not a glib-tongued daughter,
Who'd exert alluring craft.
Who, with artificial waves,
Twists her dyed, luxuriant hair,
And for silver madly craves,
But who'd scorn your woes to share.

The Suicide.

The Suicide.

TWENTY-THREE, and tired of life!
What was it all? Mockery—strife.
Sing me no song of war. Sing me no love.
Wrap me in some white shroud; nearby a dove
Bearing a message, a palm or a flower,
With wings poising heaven; nor mind the bright hour
Of youth. What is life when with bitterness fraught?
All the dark, vanished days passeth for naught!
Murmur no vain regrets; whisper no blame;
Bury the weapon, and bury the shame.
Moisten the grave with a gladdening tear,
Since the cold heart beneath courted the bier.
Shadow the spot, oh sweet evening pall,
And let sacred silence pass over it all!

To Somebody
Who Knows.

To Somebody Who Knows.

(November 27, 1901.)

HE has gone; left me without a word. "Forget,"
I whisper to my breaking heart, and groan.
I'd thought that he who knew me well
Ne'er could have acted thus; and yet—
He left me. One can never tell
When serpents lurk in men. 'Tis well—
Without a word. Fate has been false. I moan
Here in my study, humbled and alone.

But why—why must I feel this desperate grief and mood?
Is it because I loved him so? Speak out,
Poor aching heart, 'twill do thee good.
Know silent grief is killing, without doubt.

Yet solemn are the shadows. Hope misgives.
I would life's spark went out—for earthly peace.
For while one strives, rebellious Fate still lives,
And while the heart throbs, love's pangs will not cease.

For shame! I have my child; why should I weep
Because a prize was snatched by other hands?
Oh, Lord, forgive me that I longed to steep
My soul in death's dark flood. Relax the bands,
And free my captive heart. Enough I have my boy!
For in these closing eyes—his light were gone.
What is frail woman's love to man? the merest toy.
To her, such poignant pain his trifling, *better done.*

* * * * * * *

Still must I love, must I truth confess.
I can forgive him—still his path can bless.
Deeds kind had won me, glances soft and true,
Trusting, never doubting, till Deception slew.

Coldly he mingles with the smiling train,
Calmly the changed one fawns upon the vain.
God close the gap and still the bleeding in my
breast.
Help me forget him, and Time may do the rest.

To Whom It May Concern.

To Whom It May Concern.

PERFIDIOUS man, to flay a woman thus,
Of gentle breeding; sorrow's claim from birth.
What is there in his make-up so callous
And unresponsive to her soul's pure worth
That he can, all regardless of her tears,
Her blighted past, her stifled heart-appeals,
Still stab her breast? still brand those fatal sears
That Disappointment's blade so sorely deals?

Why, when he'd waked love to earth's paradise,
And led the mind enchanted o'er life's plains,
And buoyed the breathing heart to hopeful skies
Where music mingled with seraphic strains;
When life was charged with heaven, 'till Nature glowed
With bliss and radiance of soft lucid tone,
And when the sun like golden honey flowed,
Then cast her out—beyond the depths—Alone?

An helpless, broken craft, to breast the gale,
With strength unfitted for tempestuous wave.
A stripling loosed, the rough winds might assail.
Winds he himself would hardly dare to brave.
Unfeeling, set her drifting out of sight
To sink in depths, or perish on the shoals,
And say "her struggles will be shrouded soon with Night.
The same abyss hath swallowed other souls."

Oh, God of Mercy! Merciful Thou art!
Who'd made man out of woman's very blood.
Wilt Thou repair the damage he hath wrought?
And wilt Thou stem the fury of the flood?
For what were life without Thy constant care?
The helpless lie, the strong lean on Thy breast.
But oh! who mostly need Thee, gi'en to despair,
Are orphans, poor, abandoned, uncaressed.

Comb-Roses.

Comb-Roses.

WHEN Evening air
Kissed Day so fair,
She wept and vanished
With despair.

She 'rose next morn
Like one new-born,
But Evening laughed her
Soon, to scorn.

And o'er and o'er,
With hope again,
She struggles on.
In vain, in vain.

* * * * *

Ah, what are we,
Who think we dwell
Safe in those arms
We love so well?

We only feel
A loose embrace.
We only see
Death's darkened face.

We hope, we love;
What does it prove?
A life that's sure
Of bliss above?

Or does it give
Eternal gloom—
A night of horror
And the tomb?

Or is it all,
This living strife,
Like Day new-born,
A haunted life?

On Watch.

On Watch.

COME to me, darling, the red sun is sinking,
And summer night lures with a soft, sighing breeze.
The lights in the harbor like starlets are blinking,
No echo resounds from the boisterous seas.

I've stood long on watch, and my duty is done, love.
The engine is hushed, though my heart beats like mad.
The anchor is down since the hour begun, love.
Haste, haste, for without thee I'm lonely and sad.

I long for a rustle familiar grown, dear.
For a fairy-like footfall, dainty and light.
My spirit unfettered, makes me feel thou art near,
Haste. Night's shroud hath hid guilty "Morro" from sight.

The war-horse is slumbering; come with thy smile,
And beam on me fondly those Aphrodite eyes,
That melt as the warm dew and kindle the while
A love that seems drawn from ethereal skies.

Dearest, list to the laughter that tinkles on air,
Like cymbals—so silvery, joyous, and gay,—
While the voice of the captive wails in his despair,
As he droops in the "castle" just over the way.

Where the waves kiss those rough, rugged walls,
—oh, deceit!
And woo the grim monster, nor waver, nor rear.
A touch—how it startles! A voice, low and sweet.
Naomi—adored one! *At last thou art here.*

The Shipman's Love.

The Shipman's Love.

OH, how I hate the deep cold sea,
With her tempting, treacherous coquetry.
She lures my lover away from me,
Then dashes back her vile spray, mockingly.

Jack is a shipman, daring and brave,
And he laves in the sighs of each gale-beaten wave.
He drains from that heaving, wild bosom, caress.
(Yet for all that I daresay he loves me no less.)

But her weird, fascinating, bewildering whirl,
As she spurts silver-light over bright banks of pearl,
Makes his fond eyes sparkle—his heart rejoice;
His soul is charmed by the siren's voice.—

She flirts with her wavelets, splutters and sighs.
Hypocrisy lurks in her Argus eyes.
I hate her—but oh—he loves her so,
He'd wrest him from mine, for *her* bosom, I know.

Now green, now blue, now yellowish hue,
She soothes the wild monsters; courts the mild dew.
She is fickle in love, and a traitor, withal,
And her folds that entice, clothe 'round as a pall.

In strong arms claspt, I plead in vain,
When I beg him desert the bold, ravenous main.
Sadly he answers the same—"love, *nay*."
And I turn a despairing face away.

Oh! I hate the sea, chuckling spiteful delight
Whilst my lone, jealous heart suffers sorrow each night.
Drear life that is mine—straining hours along;
As she cradles my treasure with flatt'ry and song.

Or My Legacy.

He gazes afar, toward Southern skies,
And triumphs the way his proud falcon flies.
My hearth is lonely; sad lot I share;
Days spent with hope—and nights, with prayer.

And there, with his engine, as with me,
His love more bold, his heart more free,
The mermaids lull *my chief* to rest.
Whilst storm-clouds rage in my tortured breast.

"God!" is my cry, "keep him safe from her snare;
Guard his ark. Spare—spare me that *draught* of despair."
And I watch, each day done, for one blazing, bright star,
With a wish for my love, while my heart prays, "Mizpah."

I Weep an' Wail for Jack.

L. of C.

I Weep an' Wail for Jack.

ANOTHER trip, my boy is gone.
I weep an' wail for Jack.
An' O, 'twill be full many a day
Before the lad gets back.
His father listed in the war,
An' left a widow, me;
Our only son—my bonnie one,
Is ever on the sea.

I weep an' wail for Jack. They call
My gallant sailor "chief."
He's chief o' all the ingineers.
It fills my heart with grief.
I oughter feel a sort o' pride,
But no, I must confess,
Since that ship tore him from my side
I've wished he had been *less*.

A nor' wind blows. I see the rough
  Wild waves rush mountains high.
I pictur' Jack, so strong an' bold,
  No thought o' what's to die.
While others clamber to the deck
  In dread an' speechless fear,
My noble lad stands at his post,
  An' guides men, cool an' clear.

He recks not o' his mother then,
  Nor o' the little lass,
Who hides her secret; waits like me
  For days an' weeks to pass.
Who shadows him thro' sun-baked clime,
  Where raged cruel war;
O'er fever-laden coast an' zone,
  Until her heart is sore.

We're allus thinkin' o' the worst,
  An' yet he ne'er falls short.
His ship comes in on time expressed,
  He lan's her safe in port.

Or My Legacy.

A blessin' on my Jack. His ark
Be ever safe an' sound,
Is my one hope the live-long day,
My prayer, the whole year 'round.

The Jealous Coon and the Slicer.

The Jealous Coon and the Slicer.

DO you love me, Ollie?
Come, now, no more jolly.
Is it me or Cholly?
Give your answer quick, now do.
For I've brought my slicer—
Bet you on my dicer—
Nothing would be nicer
Than to cut your heart in two.

Willie, naughty Willie.
Give me no such nilly.
You are talking silly,
You cracked, id'otic man.
Think you that a nigger
With my swell, athletic figger
Would be frightened by your digger?
Then away poor Ollie ran.

Yelled he, "Ebenezer!"
Flourishing his razor,
Swearing like a blazer,
With a bulldog at his heel.
First he turned and sicked him,
Then got mad and kicked him.
Doggie sweetly licked him,
Snapped his calf and made him squeal.

Ollie grinned defiance,
Broke off the alliance.
The police tried "science,"
With clubs and fists so nice.
Ollie smartly snickered
At the very, very wicked
Willie, shouting "Get your picket,
Bill, your slicer cuts no ice."

The Plaint on Devil's Island.

The Plaint on Devil's Island.

DOWN in a prison by the sea,
Wearied with sad monotony,
Branded, yet innocent, languishing, lone,
(E'en the cold breakers in sympathy moan)
Thinking of home, far, far-away home.
Wild, deep and hopeless thoughts; thinking of home.

Is there no way, O Lord, the wronged to save?
Must living Truth, entombed, writhe in her grave?
Bare the base tyrants—the traitor unmask!
Justice, not vengeance, is all that I ask.

Hear, for the ones I love, for them I plead.
Thinking of home, O God, makes my heart bleed.
Dreaming, disgraced, an exile, blankly I roam
O'er this lone cell, nor rest, thinking of home.

Looks o'er the wide expanse; hears the mad roar;
Echoing voices that cry from the shore.
What work of demons this black mystery?
Thick shadows fall, 'tis plain, base treachery.

God heard and rose in might; the crushed up-
raised.
Martyrs for Justice—Zola—Piquart, are praised.
Dreyfus is liberated, shouts the glad sea!
Home he sails, thanks to God. Truth is set free.

The Weavers.

The Weavers.

POPE INTERCEDES.

ASKS FRENCH JESUITS TO MODERATE THEIR VIOLENCE AGAINST DREYFUS.

LONDON, Aug. 29—4 A. M.—The Pope, according to the Rome correspondent of the *Mail,* conferred yesterday (Monday) with father Martin, the head of the Jesuits with the view of persuading the French Jesuits to moderate their violence toward Dreyfus, His Holiness being alarmed at the trend of events in France.

(*Corpus Delicti.*)

BY subtle craft, the worms grove from beneath;
Cowled—silent—in the darkness crept,
And loosed the noble earth,
'Till France's whole base trembled.
While on his man-made throne the papal god,

With finger on his thin-drawn bloodless lips,
Sat smiling blandly, as scheduled and timed he
The dastards that bore out
His Vaticanship's orders.
Totters the unwary Frenchman,
And now and then mysteriously he wonders
What devil eats the honor of proud France?

The demon grins—he, so secure from sight,
As the wrought wires speed encouragement to
Rome:
"'Tis well; the means bids a fair end.
We conquer through the darkness
Sharp eyes cannot pierce, so let them fight.

"France, Rome—aye, Italy—*all* shall yet be ours!
Give the fools voice; they beat their own hearts
out.
How can he fight whose feet shall find no hold?
We, from beneath, strike upward to their forms.
So sure the means affords an end most fair,
And thus the vanquished give ground to the foe:
Say then—who wins?"

* * * * *

But on a sudden, through a crevice gained
A tiny streak of light. The world's eye grasped
And threw its search-light down.
They saw the hideous, groveling, snake-like forms
In slimiest nooks and crooks and archways winding,
Steeped in their heinous crimes, and blacker scheming mettle,
As on they grill and grind, and still wind on.

Like threads drawn from the insect fine,
A rich wide cloth spin. Oh, so clever wrought!
So spin they all the while (a devil's nettle),
Till in their weaves they their own feet, entangle.
"Ah," cries the world in guarded whisper "Foul,"
(For more than half the world has fear
Of those cute Jesuits—who scan the measure,
Note the betraying light,
And crawl back to their dingy holes once more.)
The wires ring with bitter anguish—hate.
His papal majesty heaves a sigh of pain;
Bites his drawn lips and jabs his toothless gums.
But disappointment bides not long with them.

He sits upon his holy throne, the highest
Of those but little less.
And when he sees the "flag of danger" flying,
He shrinks and grumbles—hides his face—and
frowns.
So then he holds the reins, and for a while, pulls
in,
And bids his crafty hounds—but for a time,
"desist."

Oh, are these men with swords of might so vile,
They cheat poor Peace, and hide behind her back,
And creep again, and lay their cables down,
And lift their beaten heads (so like the worm),
Still squirming, try it o'er and o'er again,
Until to them the *means* yields up the end,
And the sound cloth is theirs, THE RECOMPENSE.

These are their tactics; theirs the devils' wit.
The sap they drain means food and victory.
The base must quake and quiver at its best,
And at their bidding fall, God's mercy failing.
In rank, in file, in army groove they swarm.
They dwell all-gracious till their hour has come.

But to *appear* all-gracious ere the stroke
Signals that time—his scheming majesty
Bids the "good fathers in their violence, desist."

Oh, brand such type and creed;
Such religious fakes and calabooses,
Who still can smile the same bland smile as e'er
Rub their aged, blood-dried hands together,
And still hiss under breath the same—
"Give the fools voice; they beat their own hearts out.
How shall he fight, whose feet can find no hold?
Since we, who from beneath, struck upward to their forms,
And made the vanquished give ground to the foe."

Heaven spare me a Jesuit's aim and art.
I would not that he coveted my breath,
For if he did, he'd rob me of it. Spare of hate,
If that, he'd rid himself of me, heaven knows,
To sate his will, and diabolic wish.

War Song.

War Song.

WHEN your country calls ye boys to war—
remember it is off.
It's off, be't by land or be't by sea.
Then shoulder arms with steady hearts and prepare to face the rough
And the rugged roads like soldiers, valiantly.
Know that your country loves ye as a mother her lads doth love.
She'd guard ye to the last departing breath.
So the minute the bugle blast resounds give step and march to prove
That her brave sons will defend her to the death.

When the vile tornado strikes your roof, don't tremble at the shock,
For there's hope the while the heart is strong and gay.
And the steadier ye stand to face the blast, the firmer holds your rock,
And the sun will smile upon that rock some day.

Oh, land of peace and liberty, faint not—for sure
you know,
You can't expect a war without its cost and
bitter fee.
Then charge and charge and charge again—and
forward, *forward* go.
Your fortitude must lead to victory.

A Voice of the 69th.

A Voice of the 69th.

BLOW the bugle, blow wid yer might, b'ys,
Fer we're itchin' fer the thicket o' the fight, b'ys;
An' here's a rousin' cheer fer our banner,
As we'd move agin' the fort at old Havana.
As we'd smither away the old shebang at Havan'!

Wid tin thousand muskets blazin' in the air—
Wid the shell an' morthar schkathered iv'ry-where;
Wid the thunderin' an' the taesin'—
Blasht th' fear o' rainy saesin'—
Fer the 69th'll have *no warther schkare.*

Then blow yer blustherin' bugle wid yer might.
Give the 69th a chance ter fly Sam's kite,
An' they'll raise it up to honor,
An' they'll *rein* the Don an' Donna,
An' they'll braize the *Maine* deshtr'yers out o' sight.

The Kidded Musketeers.

The Kidded Musketeers.

HAIL! for the fancy boys advance in line.
Marching in peace—ah, they can march so fine!
Heads raised and lordly—soldierly, too.
(But that's about all that *some* soldiers can do.)

Swift as an eagle shot—called to obey,
They halt. "War's game is another," they say.
Right face! "the game's up;" say we *halt,* if you please;
We belong to the "Duplex," the famous N. G.'s.

Didst know not we're filed as the "rank" musketeers?
Hoot—stop your bold hissing; we're 'customed to cheers.
Give ear—we give hope; when the lad votes to stay,
He lives! (some the same as the runner-away.)

Sure, if chick's in the heart, 'tis no fault of the lad
Who's been chicken-fed, humored with daintiest fad.
There's no place like safe home, 'though one's set on the shelf,
And why fight for Unc' when one can't for oneself?

Hello, there! stand off; to the bloodhounds, command.
We belong to the ranks of a peace-going band.
We belong to the marchers a world seldom sees.
We're the kidded high-flyers—the famous N. G.'s.

To American Boer Sympathizers.

To American Boer Sympathizers.

YE talk about your Transvaal war,
And clap your hands at England's foe!
Ye sing the praise of men whose ways
The pious hypocrite betrays.
Ye scan the cruel death-list o'er,
To gloat o'er the appalling score,
And drinks as wine brave England's woe.
Alack, America!

Ye bless the hand the shot that laid,
And curse the sacrifice made
Of noble warriors, sons of love,
Who didst their gallantry but prove.
Still prays your heart with eager lust:
"Be England crumbled to the dust."
Alack, America!

What be ye? Christians? Fools? Say what!
Has England proved ye so unfair?
If her proud breast could brook no rest,
Till to release her sons oppressed,

She strove, is it for you to blot
Her kind intent with mud and mot?
Remember she who by you pressed,
In days of peril—*friend* confessed.

What England claims, the world may share.
(Not so the Boer land.)
She ne'er conceals what light reveals,
And with the whole world fairly deals.
(Unlike the Boer band.)
The grizzly bear shrieks in his lair,
And men would rescue. England spare.
Pray God spare her and with her bear.
Her grief should be the freeman's care.
And though with bitter cost perforce,
She triumphs in the main,
Know, England's gain is no man's loss;
Nor would her *loss* mean gain.

A Lesson in Experience.

A Lesson in Experience.

WE sat upon one couch; the book
Unopened 'tween us lay.
I studious; whilst he tried to brook
The stream of thought away.
We spoke, and languished in our speech,
Scarce knowing what to say;
When he sighed—"Love, I shall not teach
Your lesson learned to-day."

The book, the book, the guilty book,
Between us meekly lay.
I cast one saddened, soulful look
Upon't, and turned away.
"Beloved!" I sighed, "the lesson taught
Me yesternight gave pain;
And if I knew each task thus fraught,
I'd ne'er resume again.

"Ah—why didst thou all peace disturb,
Quick the untried life.
Why dwell upon that fatal verb,
That verb with torment rife?

Mine eyes are strained with weeping, dear.
My heart has lost repose.
I trace the scent of fragrance near,
But blight is on the rose.

"You said a wanton lock too near
Your cheek, had fanned a flame,
For that mad kiss—for passion's tear,
Was that poor lock to blame?
You drained life's story from my breast;
Love's secret from my soul.
Then said—I should not have confessed,
And blamed me for the whole.

"And now, too late, that sullen book
Lies like a serpent, there—
Unfeeling, whilst the tearful look
Bespeaks the heart's despair.
A lesson's spent; a wreckage moored.
You leave me with my fears,
And for the pains I have endured
An heritage of tears.'

My Nell.

My Nell.

I WANDERED down the cassimere dell,
And saw sweet Nell, the village belle:
The little birds were wont to tell
That she was theirs as well—as well,
That she was theirs—my Nell.

I saw her flush and I heard her sigh,
And a tear bedimmed her lovely eye,
As the shepherd boy passed coldly by.
I heard her sigh—I heard her sigh—
With a tear-drop in her eye.

My Nell, the reigning village belle.
She loved the shepherd deep and well.
He was a handsome, heartless swell,
And her sorry fate I could foretell.
Her fate I could foretell.

When I my honest love declared,
She drooped and my poor love despaired.
Confessed his wiles, her heart ensnared.
But for him alone she cared—she cared.
For him alone she cared.

Like a beaten bough she bent—and wailed—
Her step 'laxed—and her bright cheeks paled.
Her eyes waxed, day by day she failed.
Then her blasted life the wretch assailed.
Her life the wretch assailed.

Another wedded—hard to tell.
Remorse soon caged him in a cell.
His mad shrieks on Nell's weak ears fell,
But then—ah, well—our lovely belle
Broke down and died—My Nell!

The same sweet birdling notes arise.
The same mad doles fall where she lies.
While I with swollen, weary eyes,
And shattered heart her fate decries—
Poor Nellie's fate—decries.

Lydia.

Lydia.

I'M thinking of Lydia, my sweetheart of the past;
She glideth like a vision o'er my brow.
I think too how she bore with me in days too sweet to last;
How I would those days returned to me, now!

I've never found another girl to love as I loved her.
Did I covet her too dearly? Heaven knows!
For the angels took her from my side and though she haunts me still,
Her grave is where the sycamore now grows.

How in the fields I plucked those elder-blossoms she so loved;
Just to pin them on the bosom of her dress.
How she paid me back with sunshine in her fascinating smile,
And a little, gentle, maidenly caress.

The balmy days recall her with a fragrance sad
and sweet;
In grief my silver-threaded head I bow.
I've tried hard to forget—but No!—Naught
taunts as Memory can;
And I would I laid beside my Lydia now.

A Twentieth Century Girl.

A Twentieth Century Girl.

MY true love is a soldier brave,
But a duke has won my hand.
Alas I ponder, for between—
Love and discretion, stand.

I love my soldier, and I dote
On my good duke's riches, too.
But what's the worth of a whole world's love,
When the man isn't worth a sou?

Shall I take my love and starve,
Or shall I take my duke and pine?
Shall I drain life's bitters to the dregs,
Or drink of the rich man's wine?

Shall I choose a bed of straw—for a couch
Of silver sheen and down?
Shall I choose a man who'll make me pay
A thousand sighs for a gown?

Never, never, for the times are changed.
  Romance is an idle dream.
And the love-lorn spirit of a century ago
  Is a skeleton now, I ween.

A skeleton grim, with the face of a fool,
  Bid Love break his arrow and stays,
For a girl can't press her hand to her heart
  These cold and practical days.

A Little Familiar Medley.

A Little Familiar Medley.

DOWN in the meadows, where the little ass is braying,
And the skies are bluer than Venetian hue,
I spied a little maiden, near the convent steps a-praying,
And I watched her from the distance, wouldn't you?

I know not what her prayer was like, nor how she prayed; I know
That the priest was eyeing her as well as I,
And her prayer went straight to heaven; sure to heaven it had to go.
'Twas the heaven of our hearts—or that on high.

Yes, the maid was softly praying, and the little ass was braying,
And the merry birds were singing on the trees;
And the priest and I were quaking, for our hearts were sadly aching,
When the maid got up—and—dusted off her knees.

Bravado.

Bravado.

GIVE me your heart—give me your hand—
And we'll defy ev'ry law in the land.
Let us have joy—prate me no pain,
What's the use brooding forever on rain?
Come to me, darling—drain of my breast—
Light of my soul—you can claim all the rest.
Hear me, I pray—turn not away—
Swift falleth night, come then; heed but the day.
Give me your heart—give me your hand—
Love is life's beacon, knows no command.
Let us have joy—let us have peace—
When the clay covers us, all then must cease,
will cease.

As the Wise Will Say.

As the Wise Will Say.

(From Crowns and Tomb Roses.)

DANCE, and the stars sprinkle light on your feet.
Shrink from the dance, and the clouds fall.
Robe your light heart with illusive conceit.
Laugh away sorrows and cares, all.
Build your bright castles with a bold grace.
Lose not a secret, but boast one, in place.
Prattle of joy—aye—reveal not your woe.
Grief knows no refuge, Experience doth show.
The world's heart is callous—the world's heart is cold,
And nothing but sunshine will answer, all told.

José.

José.

MY little José, longingly I think of thee, my boy,
Tossed as I am upon the ocean's bosom, drear and wild.
Crushed thy poor mother's heart, bereft of ev'ry hope and joy,
She seeks thy recreant father's side; nor can be reconciled.

He left for far-off Southern clime, his native land, his home,
His parents' roof and parentless, he strove to cast thee by.
I follow o'er his trail, nor fear; for thee, sweet, would I roam
O'er wilder waters—though, perchance, I go there but to die.

A weapon in his hand I see, the clouds are strangely dark.
A warning comes from frowning skies, I cannot heed it now.
Another day—and we shall meet. I'd turn to thee—but hark!
The steamer's whistle shrieks "to arms!" and ice-drops freeze my brow.

But, oh, perchance, thou dost no more recall my features, dear.
Thou'rt but an infant, and hath but a "day-mind"; it were well.
Yet love, the shedding (from thine eyes) of that sweet, simple tear,
The day we parted, scathed my heart; 'twas *there* the lava fell.

Jasup's Secret.

Jasup's Secret.

PRINCE JASUP, one day,
While romping at play,
Began to dream and to sigh.
The skies looked blue,
His eyes filled with dew,
And a passing brown bird saw him cry.
What, what did he say?
That fair August day,
Sweet nine-year-old darling, so spry.

"My queen, where is she?
Does she now think of me?
Is she ever as thoughtless as I?
I dance and I play,
And I scarce ever say,
'Oh, would that my queen were nigh.'"

She is kind—she is true—
And there's only a few

In this great world like her, I daresay.
She bears no jeweled crown;
She wears never a frown,
But to purchase her, *millions* won't pay.

Of all royalty fair
There's not one to compare
With this right royal beauty, I ween.
Oh, where is she now?
(And he knit his fine brow.)
Where is my loved one, my queen?

The bird ceased to sing—
Sadly halted on wing—
And a shudder passed through his small frame.
"Cease, Jasup, your wailing,
The blue skies are paling,
And you damp my bright heart, quite the same.
Pray, who is this maid
You deplore? I'm afraid
You will never confess her, by name.

Jasup opened his eyes
With frank, childish surprise.

Or My Legacy.

Will I not, pretty bird? You shall hear.
There is nothing to hide,
Just a moment abide,
And my secret, in truth, you will bear.

It is she who in pain
Toils, with little to gain;
Just to lavish that little on me,
And I missed not her smile
In my play all the while—
The smile of my brave mother dear.

To
José.

To José.

A PRISON'S a palace, with you by my side, dear.
The skies know no clouds, by the light of your grace;
The world may condemn me; what care, if they chide, dear?
I know but one beacon; that is your sweet face.

I bless the first day that you came to my arms, dear.
For since that first day life was rife with true bliss.
Your hand-touch, your glance, all your sweet baby-charms, dear,
Made life worth the living—heaven woke in your kiss.

Remain but the child I adore, do not stray, dear.
Be the pure, gentle sunbeam, and mark well thy rays.
As the blind do I trust to thee—lead thou my way, dear.
God long feed thy lamp, to redeem thee with praise.

Love's Nightmare.

Love's Nightmare.

TOOTSY and Wootsy ran away from home;
home;
'Spected they'd be happy; thought it wise
to roam
Where the turtle doves cooed, so they might coo,
too,
But alas, our dovelets had no rest to woo.
Wootsy's papa sought him on a dozen trains.
Tootsy's mama furnished purses full of pains.
Dovelets found no shelter—knew not what to do,
When the sorry rain fell, and wet them through
and through.
Tootsy, clasping Wootsy, cried, "Take me to
mother's bed,
Or you'll have a little corpse to wander with in-
stead.
Next time fill your pockets, love, and don't rely
on mash,
For Love won't furnish room or roof, nor one
square meal of hash."

The Arrest.

The Arrest.

NOW that I'm your captive, gaze on my fair face,
Can you there not childhood's innocence yet trace?
'Though I've just departed on a life of shame,
Brand me as you will, but touch not mother's name.
Mother strove as hard as ever angel could
To protect her darling; strove to keep her good.
But the tempter came and stole me from her side,
Heartless then he left me—cared not had I died.

Then alas, where could I turn—where could I go?
Who cared for the outcast, who could help my woe?
Who would strive to lift me? lead me toward the light?
Hungry, cold, despairing, I walked the streets by night.

Ah, I see the quiver, hear the pitying sigh,
See the tear-drop tremble softly in your eye,
But my lips speak truly; pardon me your pain;
Close the doors behind me, question not again!

Captain: "We will not detain the creature; let
her depart in peace.
Would heaven were as gracious, and bid her
torments cease.
Arise, poor woman, lift thy head, and lead a
better life!"
But ere the captain finished, flashed forth a
gleaming knife,
Broke the sweet face in smiles of peace, tossed
proudly up her head.
The weapon healed—like those kind words; the
outcast child—lay dead.

Lead Me, Spirit.

Lead Me, Spirit.

(*An Hymn.*)

LEAD me, Spirit, gently lead me,
O'er life's barriers—to the grave.
Would that Sin had long since freed me;
Would thou now my soul couldst save.

Mercy, for the night doth lower;
Shadows veil my eyes with tears.
Stay the hovering, hasty mower—
I repent my wasted years.
Stay the hovering, hasty mower;
Oh, *restore* my wasted years.

Slow thy tread, I fain would tarry;
Winds too swiftly bear thee by;
Heaven! oh wilt my burden carry,
So I triumph when I die!
Heaven! oh wilt my burden carry?
So I *triumph* when I die!

At My Brother's Comb.

At My Brother's Tomb.

"In silent glory, 'neath this mound
My only brother sleeps."

SWEET brother, thou poor orphan, tempest tossed,
God in His mercy lifted thee from earth,
And gave thee Heaven for home!

A sister mourns thee; she, to whom thou wert
Father and Consoler; precious worth!
What comfort at thy tomb?

But thou art with thy God and happy now.
Angels attend thee, dear soul, thou art blest!
No more the cares of life becloud thy brow.
Nor wind nor tempest lacerates thy breast.
Honored this spot, which holds thy sacred dust.
In peace and glory, rest.

A Modern Adam.

A Modern Adam.

(*In Fantastic Rhyme.*)

A MAN'S a man, say what you will (though
Will may be his name),
If he yields to converse, he's a man no less
(though a woman may do the same).
'Tis no fault of his—nor is the fault hers.
The tongue is the least to blame.
But mark, in the night—her eye a beacon light—
Shining clear into his breast—there to rest.
A footfall on the pavement to lure him from his
post,
And bid him feel no roundsman lives! (he might
have been a ghost.)
A hurried beat—to a dark retreat—
A struggle and a theft
Of blissful snatches—only patches (that's how
they get left).
Awhile the voice seductive rocks his hapless
cradle o'er

The deep, tempestuous swell—to break't upon
the treacherous shore,
'Tis time he cursed the hour they met (he
wouldn't *that,* of course);
So he had better blame the day they put him on
the force.

"Oh, lead us not," the preacher saith; but I would
wager, Will,
That ev'ry bluecoat's up in arms to smash this
bloodless bill,
And the spirits rage in heaven! ("lead our
breth'ren not astray.")
Know—preachers sometimes say a thing, and
mean't the other way.

But truth is truth, my boy, her glance hath deftly
intricate
Designs; be callous; look askance—sure, 'tis the
divil's own bait.
The glittering eye of the reptile dooms the fas-
cinated bird.
Wild beasts of the lair are tamed with a glare
(the tongue need not utter a word).

Or My Legacy.

Adam was an officer who guarded Paradise;
And I daresay when the serpent spake, he thought
him dearly wise,
And meekly quaffed, while the tempter laughed
(who but Satan in disguise).
A stimulating beverage—in the draught from
Eva's eyes.
But the consequence, poor penitent—poor drunk
and guilty man,
Lost courage, shoulder, half his brace, and away
with Eva ran.
And in his fright—great heavens by night—near
frowning wilds—*take note,*
His heart gave a bound, his stomach turned
'round, and the apple popped into his
throat.

* * * * *

And the woman, alas, some venom hath ta'en
from the reptile's to her tongue.
So ever after Adam's heart and ears alike were
stung.

* * * * *

But at worst they had rivals none; unlike to-day,
With a world full of Adams, and most of them gay.
Some of them youthful—some of them gray,
Tender of heart and soft—soft in the brain.
With these tendencies, Eve never fails to raise Cain.

But a man with a club and a gun at command
Can afford to be brave, aye, he'd beat a whole band.

Is he watchful, alert?
Is he ever a flirt?
Is he mindful of loss?
Of the scrupulous boss?
Is he timid? Nay, nay—then illusions, away!
Woman's *changeless* as Morning; enduring as day,
And true as April knows no rain—and March no winds, are they.

* * * * *

My Willie, sigh not. No! not mine!
The wife's turned up at last.

Or My Legacy.

My purple-red horizon with grim shadow is o'er-
cast.
My bloody heart bleeds silently; my dream of
bliss is past,
And tears profuse (not crocodile) rain as in
showers—so fast.

And there, not remote—with his glaring coat,
And gleaming brass—fair sight!
He stands, gallant man, saying "I'm not A-dam."
And the devil is put to flight.

Moral.

Not always is *fact,* what appearance reveals.
The artfullest criminal, the most crime conceals.
Nor can a man always be judged by his carriage,
Especially that man who won't *"advertise"*
marriage.

A Watery Spouter.

The Watery Spouter.

I WOULDN'T be a sparrow; no, no.
I wouldn't be a ragged bow wow wow.
Not if I could help it.
But I'd be a little gold-fish,
Just to grin at ev'ry passing face,
And make them wish they'd have my place,
In Summer.

I would like to float in water;
And I think a fishlet oughter,
And particularly one that's dressed in gold.
But I so love a commotion,
('Though I dread the horrid ocean,)
That I'd flirt and dabble in the fountain, bold.

The fair damsel, I would court her
From my bowl of crystal water,
Till she'd turn green jealous eyes upon my dish;
Then I'd quickly turn and quit her,
Laugh that I could so outwit her,
Drop my golden scales,—and be a—better fish.

Avoid
Ye.

Avoid Ye.

TRUST not the smooth-tongued stranger,
Who praises, bends and bows.
Beneath his arts lurks danger,
And shallow are his vows.

Avoid the eye, like magnet,
That strains your recognition.
Its influence—like a drag-net,
Would bear you to perdition.

Reject the fondling fingers
That fever in caress.
The creature foully lingers,
Designing wickedness.

That man who'd thus distract you;
Who'd love pursue for fun,
From crowds who would attract you,
Is an unworthy one.

The Merry-Go-Round.

The Merry-Go-Round.

NOW the masses rule the earth,
Quest like fools—control man's birth.
Seek the stage for wit and mirth,
Ranting "live for what life's worth!"
This world's but a pleasure-ground,
Build us then a merry-go-round.

'Round they stagger, 'round they go,
Eyes they glitter, cheeks they glow,
Lusty, drunken instinct show.
Red and yellow wine must flow.
"Banquet life," they cry, "a spread!"
Time to sober when we're dead.

"At its best," the sages own,
"Life is short." Why grind the stone?
Give light labor, spare the bone,
Devils grin when mortals groan,
Come, clasp hands, Bohemians free!
Join us on our jubilant spree.

Swiftly 'round, day whirls with night.
Constant flame and endless light
Dulls mind, wrecks heart, weakens sight.
Nature challenged, cuffs her slight.
Turns the stone; prepares the mound,
The while the maddening wheel goes 'round.

The Horror of a Night's Visitation.

The Horror of a Night's Visitation.

IN my prison I sat thinking, and my heart with fear was sinking,
As I gazed into the future which appeared so dark and drear.
And I fancied that a spirit, silent, vague, I could not hear it—
Has gained entrance by the bolted door, and stood beside me, near.

Whether but a passing vision, to be banished with decision,
Or a messenger in truth, there, standing near my iron bed,
I could not discern till after I had heard his hollow laughter,
Which nigh froze my heart, and filled me with remorse and greater dread.

I was struck with mortal terror, and I prayed this
fiend might bear her,
Whom methought I'd murdered—*back*—to end
this torture pending o'er.
It seemed *she* had sent him to me, to haunt, ter-
rify, pursue me,
For my conscience racked and branded, burned
a living hell,—and more.

Lo, methought that once I'd loved her, yet no
sigh of mine e'er moved her
To a single look of pity—though my sorrow
gnawed within.
I grew jealous, vengeful, saddened—for her bit-
terness had maddened
Me,—and then I swore to *kill* her, if her heart
I could not win.

I still see that ardent lover bend attentively above
her,
Place a golden ring upon her finger, soft and
white as snow.
True, I vowed as her eyes led him, she would
never live to wed him,
And advanced with weapon in my hand, and
struck the fatal blow.

In the dense woods then they found me hiding
and they quickly bound me
With great iron chains and cast me in the dungeon dark and drear.
And although I strongly pleaded to be spared
they had not heeded
My entreaties—but they captured me to let me perish here.

In the darkness faint and dying, no one harkened to my sighing,
Not a soul came near to soothe my troubled breast or give me cheer.
But in heavy chains all bleeding, and with demons my path leading
To that world of horror—I collapsed—and dropped a burning tear.

With a start I 'woke, and shrieking—gazed about, the demon seeking
With my bloodshot eyes—scarce trusting it was but a passed dream.
My heart leapt with joy, and beaming were mine eyes to *know* 'twas dreaming,
And to thank Him for the blessing of *one* day that smiled serene.

To the Unnamable Miss.

To the Unnamable Miss.

SHE shoots with eyes coal black and fierce,
And aims each weakling heart to pierce.
Hers no shrewd game, yet strange for that,
She finds some fool to nose the bat.

Her boastful way—her snappish air,
Makes one disgustful of the fair.
Conceit? Deceit? Ah, better that
One wastes no words on *such* a cat.

Essay on Man.

Essay on Man.

(In Crude Comparison.)

A MAN is an animal God put into woman's hands to tame or to tease. Tame him, he is docile—and you instil within his brow a certain quality of thought which enables him to exercise actual common-sense in affairs of love.

Tease him, and he pitches and bites. You might as well consign him to the pit. Some animals are tamed with sugar; some require the whip; but don't nauseate him with sweets above all, or you'll get the froth of madness and dyspepsia.

On the Suicide of an Irish Traitor.

On the Suicide of an Irish Traitor.

GOD! what a fearful death!
I stood and gasped for breath
That horror robbed me of, when the dread truth at last was known.
He was a traitor, yes!
But then they suffered less
Than he, and may his tragic end for that grave crime atone.

And Pity pleads for peace
To his poor spirit. Cease,
Oh, cease to taunt him still—for see—while all despise,
Disfigured and shattered,
Deserted and battered,
'Mid sunshine and strangers his wrecked, branded body now lies.

Despondency.

Despondency.

THE merry sun from his azure height,
With his play of wanton, frolicsome light
Beaming with splendor, glowing with mirth,
Chases all gloom from this mad, misty earth;
And men laugh freely, and women are gay;
Sweet children revel in innocent play.
Birds twitter softly—sea-gulls shriek with delight,
But I would they were done, and I would it were Night.

And when night comes, I would it were day. With the day,
Hope for night again! God—can this be heart-decay?
Is't youth, is't corruption, is't frenzy, is't life?
And is't sin when the heart-leper shortens the strife?

To be off with the battle—the tumult—the care;
The mad, mocking voices a-ringing in air.
The tempestuous struggle, the folly, the blame,
The distraction, the greed, the defiance, the shame?

Away with the clamor, the doubt, the despair;
The mad, mocking voices a-ringing in air,
And silver-tipped artifice! soul-racking din,
If to live through it all, what, *what* is there to win?
Love, honor, renown, recompense? Nay, relief?
Ah, relief comes not here, and the life is not brief.
Not brief to the mis'rable—God spare the sigh,
And forgive the discouraged, who crave Thee to die.

Happiness.

Happiness.

HAPPINESS, of all life's gems, the rarest;
Of all earth's blooms—the fairest.
Of all winged charms the fleetest.
Of all God's gifts—the sweetest,
Where are her haunts? How can we bait her?
Shall mortal spirit e'er locate her?
We search the pearly gates of pleasure.
We fathom mines of golden treasure.
We ask of wit—of wisdom—learning,
Of buoyant souls, with passion burning,
What is the hire? Smiles and wealth,
The wit replies, "Go ask of Health."
The pedagogue, "Thy task improve."
The fond one sighs, "Go question Love."

But through them all we learn this fact,
That Happiness is not compact.
She, as a vapor in the air,
Divided here and mingled there,
Is part of each; while all contend her,
The Trinity alone, can blend her.

Contentment.

Contentment.

LOOK to the birds—so blythe on wing.
Drink deep the songful draught they bring.
And train your bosoms to employ
The art of voicing care, to joy.
What be the clouds to them; they see
The fruits of His grand Majesty
On ev'ry green branch; weave a nest
And harshest tempests brave and breast.
They see beyond the clouds, the bow,
They see the brook refreshing flow.
Deceit they neither fear nor know,
But hope for sunshine, trust above,
And poise their tiny heads with love.
Contentment times their hours along,
And tunes their dullest days with song.

Oh, would that mortal eye could mark
The sap that nourishes life's bark.
Declare the fruit His bounty yields;
Revere the Helper's arm, that shields.

Sometimes a weakling leaf may fall.
That leaf responded to His call.
Know crops beyond us nobly rise;
So hail the hope that pacifies.
Man should rejoice on Life's green tree.
His portion should contentment be.
Bend to His way, extol His power,
And bless His judgment of the hour.

Assured be still, the Lord is kind.
Be grateful, for thy gift of mind.
If wealth and love are thee denied,
With health and strength be satisfied.
Game not with cards, nor prophet seek.
The present for itself doth speak.
Drink of Faith's stream; its brink will purge
A too swift current would submerge.
Sow ably, watch, wait; who endures
Gleans grace, and Time fair sprout assures.
Be truthful, just, revile no Fate.
Your peace of mind will compensate.
Contentment, in the human sense,
Is stellar gift! life's radiance!
If ye would treasure toast, the best—
Contentment, know, is worthiest.

Courage.

Courage.

WE need no bold Ulysses; no Achilles, no Mars;
No blood arrayed contestants; no defense of Lochinvars;
No clanking arms; to courage prove, we need no bloody wars.
And men should ne'er credentials seek, for glories in the cause.

That we might bare our breasts to blasts, and kindly contemplate
The erring; aid and succor them; nor scorn, nor execrate.
Stand proof against life's cannon-balls; disdain the smile of hate,
And fear not drift, nor leper touch—but dare the sword of Fate.

Beauty.

Beauty.

IDOL of my theme, pride of my verse,
Vision of loveliness, dream of perfection:
But to behold thee, modest and terse,
Were to be dazed by some meteor's reflection.
Clusters of gold hide in folds of thy hair,
And thy lips curve for love's tenderest kisses.
Lilies recline on thy bosom so fair;
Sharing their sweetness, one learns what true bliss is.

Be thy form supple or lithe, be it queenly,
Thy manner shy, devout, e'en debonair,
Little it matters, so grace flows serenely,
And the eyes' eloquence, the soul's charms declare.

Staff of my song, life of my story;
If but thy pulses with harmony beat;
If but thou breath'st love, 'lumined with glory,
I would prostrate me, a slave at thy feet.

Be thy face rounded, or still be it ovid;
Be thine eyes blue or black, hazel or gray;
Thou art supreme, so thou canst be lovéd,
Beauty exalted, soul of my lay.

Genius.

Genius.

MUSE of the mysteries! Nymph of vastest space!
Hallowed, beatific, Spiritor of grace!
Breathest thou the first breath of the fresh-born wind,
To charge its influence on some favored kind?
Since Reason blind can intuitively trace
Thy wondrous presence in the spirit mind,
Why hide from human eye thy inspiring face?
Say, dwellest thou in realm yet undefined
Where faintest heart-beats time a living race?
Or art thou in those vaultless depths confined,
Where Glory's sculptured on a martyr's base?
(Life partners e'er like suff'ring twins entwined,
Odd mates, proud Victory in Misery's embrace.)
Or knowest thou nor haven, nook, nor place,
But drift'st a wanderer, for a world's solace?
'Tis said thou tread'st the towering cliffs of Time,
'Mid star dust. Muse impetuous—Muse sublime!

What are we, that thou deignest to impart
One note of rapturous music from thy heart?
A keyboard strike, harmonious in our throng,
To thrill the mass with symphony and song!
Eloquence like a flower, with magic dart,
Bursts from thine eyes and planes its way along
To chosen soil; there scentive hopes belong,
And floral triumphs soon proclaim thy Bart.
Genius, in love so partial; Modesty is thy part.
Though Fame be thy rare gift, *Development* is
thy Art!

Love.

Love.

ARMOUR, tiny god of zeal and zest.
So magnetic—ever welcomed as our guest.
Shall we, honestly confessing?
Call thee curse, or call thee blessing?
Or wilt thou still keep us guessing?

With thy dimples and thy wiles—
Thy maneuvers and thy guiles—
And thy wondrous change of smiles.

We adore thee though the heart
Feels the cruel sting of thy dart.
True, thy lance's magic flight
Quicks the stung heart with delight,
But thou art a torturing sprite,
Careth not for wrong nor right.
Oft thou changest weal to woe;
Fairest love to darkest foe,

Mocking the distracted beaux—
With side grimace—off you go.
'Tis a monstrous outrage—yet we
Hate to part, hate to forget thee.

Oft we wrench old wounds asunder,
To retaste delicious blunder.
Let instinct or conscience blame us.
Let the heartless worldlings shame us.

Love debases, love defaces;
Love deflowers, love defies;
Love uplifts, and love replaces;
Love blinds and love opes the eyes.

Love rides on a Shetland pony,
Bathes in streams and hides in caves.
Love despises true harmony;
Tramples on some victims' graves.

Love so silent, oft comes creeping;
We nor dream nor guess his mien,
Till we catch him slyly peeping,
And we drive him forth again.

Then comes boring and imploring;
Vows with tears and bended knee,
Till we pity his adoring,
And relieve his misery.

Pouting, panting, railing, ranting,
Luring, nestling, pleading still.
Sure the trickster's so enchanting,
We surrender to his will.

Love conjures and love conspires;
Makes fond bosoms madly burn.
When in anger he retires,
We *entreat* him to return.

Oh! ye Gods! the shame to permit
Love with malice, Love with spite,
To steal in and flame the hermit,
In the haunting hours of night.

He in rouge and he in tatters
Comes as villain—goes as thief,
And the strongest bars he shatters;
Fills the brightest heart with grief.

Good-Night.

Good-Night.

GOOD-NIGHT, thou radiant and enchanted flower.
Pray heaven's eyelets guard thy slumbers well!
Drink thou the balm of Morpheus one brief hour,
And wake refreshèd from its magic spell.
May the bright stars add glory to thy charms,
And hosts of cherubim thy future bless.
May angels fold thee in their silken arms,
And His Divine Omnipotence, *acquiesce.*
Good-night, good-night; thy petals close,
Sweet rose, good-night!

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